Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my loving Liege.
Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou obiect
gainſt the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?
Bul. First, (heaven be the record of my ſpeech,)
In the devotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appelant to his Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my diuine Soule anſwer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and Chriſtall is the Skie,
The uglier ſeemes the Clouds, that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name, ſtuffe I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraigne) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeakes, my right drawne ſword may prove.
Mow. Let not my coole words here accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this,
Nor I no[t] of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes me,
From giving reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which once would poſt, untill it had return'd

Theſe termes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I doe defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlandrous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lye.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of the King,
And lay aſide my high bloods royalty,
Which feare, not reverence makes me to except,
If guilty dread have left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honours pawne, then ſtoope,
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.
Mow. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently layd my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous deſigne of Knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traytor, or unjuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd my life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſſe Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe Traytor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battell prove,
Or here or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,